Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to eno ble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you doe me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knwes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhee not? ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.
Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margret.*
Q. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry i
And Edward my poore ſonne at T
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea o
I was a pack-horſe in his great affair
A weeder out of his proud aduerſari
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I ſpilt mine
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better
Glo. In all which time, you and yo
Were factious for the houſe of La
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not
In Margarets battaile at Saint Alb
Let me put in your mind, if yours
What you haue been ere now, and
Withall, what I haue been, and wha
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villain
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie
And for his meede (poore Lord) he
I would to God my heart were flint
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like m
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this wo
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſha
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy king
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in tho
Which here you vrge to proue vs
We followed then our Lord, our la
So ſhould we now, if you ſhould be
Glo. If ſhould be? I had rather
Farre be it from my heart the thou
Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord
You ſhould enioy, were you this co
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in m
That I enioy, being the Queene the
Qu Mar. A little ioy enioyes the
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſ

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